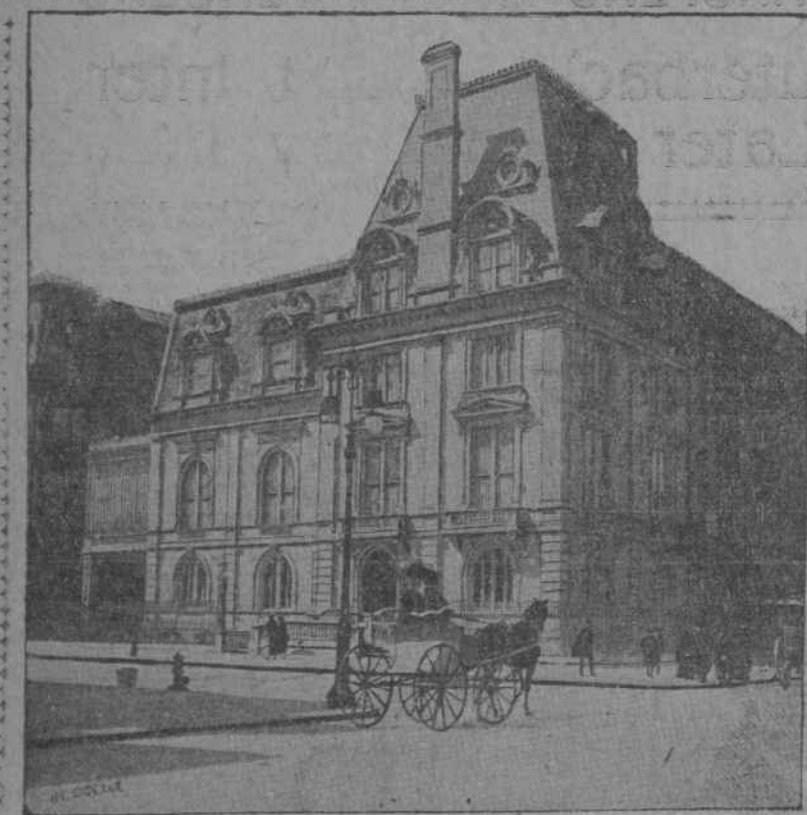


ALL IS READY FOR THE RICHEST WEDDING OF THE YEAR.



The Oelrichs Home, No. 1 East Fifty-seventh Street, Where the Wedding Will Take Place.



Young Vanderbilt and Miss Fair Golfing on the Grounds at Oakdale, L. I.



Interior of the Special Car in Which the Bridal Couple Will Speed to "Idle Hour" Cottage at Oakdale, L. I.

ingma Fair

Miss Fair's Signature.

BRIDES OF THE CHURCH ARE THEY.

Three Young Women Take the White Veil at the Ursuline Convent.

Three young women dressed in bridal gowns of costly texture, shaped in the latest fashion, from material of a pure white, knelt in prayer in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent at Bedford Park yesterday. They were, as the nuns and the order call them, Thelma, a wedding to the church, and it ended with it the renunciation of the world and the ways of the world; for seldom do they take the white veil and refuse the steps they have taken, yet they have two years in which to reconsider their action.

The chapel was decorated with flowers, and rare. The air was heavy with their odor. The organ announced the coming of the priest. He was the Rev. Father John P. Corr, of Williamsburg. He was clad in gorgeous vestments, and attended by Rev. Fathers Henry and McIntire, inside the rail, sat priests with white lace surplices and twenty altar boys. Solemn high mass was sung, and from the choir, the sweet voices of the nuns in responses to the celebrant. And when the mass was over these three young brides, each with a crucifix and a burning taper, walked to the altar rail. They had each received holy communion. A few simple questions were asked them. They answered in the affirmative. After declaring their resolution for a novitiate in the order, they passed down the aisle and out of the chapel. Their beautiful bridal gowns were laid aside, laid aside for ever. They soon reappeared in sombre black gowns, the religious habit, and received the white veil. After the ceremony of consecration was served. It was their wedding breakfast. One of these young women is Miss Julia Oliver, daughter of Lawrence Francis V. St. Oliver and niece of Jimmie Oliver, of Paradise Park fame. She is a graduate of the Normal College of this city. She is no longer Miss Julia Oliver, not even to her parents. They too, in the future must know her only as the world will—Sister Mary Tandy.

Miss Mary Cook is another of the novices. She is now Sister Mary Liguori. She is a graduate from the Ursuline convent in Baltimore. Miss Winifred Drenan is the third. She too, a graduate from the Ursuline convent. Miss Mary Cook is now her name.

WEDDING GUESTS OF RANK. British and German Ambassadors at the Marriage of Charles F. Adams and Miss Lovering.

Washington, April 3.—At St. John's Episcopal Church yesterday, Miss Frances Lovering was married to Charles Francis Adams, of Boston. The Rev. Dr. Mackay Smith performed the ceremony. Among those witnessing the ceremony were Mrs. Hobart, the British Ambassador, and Lady Pauncefoot, Miss Pauncefoot, the German Ambassador, Secretary and Mrs. Hay, Miss Hays, Mrs. and Miss Allen, the Belgian Minister, and Countess Lichtheim, the Portuguese Minister, and Viscountess, Senator Thuyso, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Trent Paine, Jr.

COOK CAN'T SPOIL. Grape-Nuts Need No Cooking and the Flavor Is Assured.

People want food that has a palatable, toothsome taste, and one that will recall a pleasant taste whenever the name is mentioned. That feature is a strong one in Grape-Nuts, the new breakfast food, made by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

No cooking is required, hence the taste is not dependent upon the cook, but is just what the makers intended it to be. It is often served cold and dry with a bit of rich cream in part of the sauce.

If one wants a hot dish, a little hot milk can be poured over some Grape-Nuts and there you are, a most fetching dish, furnishing the high nutritive value of grape-sugar. Grape-Nuts sold by grocers.

MISS GOULD TWICE HONORED IN A DAY.

Receives a Gold Fire Badge from the Fire Commissioners.

Miss Helen Gould has received the official gold badge of the Fire Department, presented to her by Commissioner Seannell in recognition of her work at the Windsor Hotel fire. Fireman Martin Callagy and J. J. O'Reilly, representing the Commissioners, called at Miss Gould's home, Forty-seventh street and Fifth avenue, at 2:30 p. m. yesterday. The presentation took place in the consecratory. With Miss Gould at the time was Miss Vreeland.

The nuns containing the badges for herself and her brother, Frank J. Gould, were handed to Miss Gould. Her face was wreathed in smiles. "I wish you would express to the Commissioner," she said, "my sincere appreciation of his beautiful gift. You do not know how delighted I am to receive this. I did have some difficulty in getting to my home on the occasion of the fire. It was so dark, and I did not see the terrible scene such as Miss Gould, I am sure, has seen. I was deeply indebted to your department for having saved this house."

Miss Gould said that she did not think she would ever again be in a position to be formed that upon any public occasion the badge would identify her, and the police would be only too glad to pass her through the lines. Harrisburg, Pa., April 3.—At tonight's session of the House a letter was read from Miss Helen Gould, thanking the Legislature of Pennsylvania for its resolution in recognition of her kindly offices during the recent war with Spain. Following is the letter:

No. 279 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Hon. Jere R. Rex, Chief Clerk, House of Representatives.
Dear Sir:—Will you kindly convey to the members of the Senate and the House of Representatives of the State of Pennsylvania, my thanks for their kindness in passing a resolution in recognition of my services during the war with Spain.

While I do not feel entitled to the many expressions of appreciation and good will that have come to me since the war with Spain, I am none the less deeply indebted to you for the honor.

Yours very truly,
HELEN MILLER GOULD.

March 1, 1890.
The reading of the letter was liberally applauded.

DR. GREENE'S GRAND FREE Illustrated Lectures IN CHICKERING HALL.

The most Magnificent Private Illustrated Lectures by Dissolving Views ever given.

Tuesday and Wednesday Evenings, April 4 and 5.

ILLUSTRATED Free Private Lectures to Men Only.

Containing information upon those vital points of a private nature which men should know but too often do not understand. Every man will find it to his interest to attend these free lectures.

Wednesday Afternoon, April 5, at 3 o'clock.

Dr. Greene will give a graphically illustrated Free Private Lecture to Ladies Only, which will be most deeply interesting and instructive. Every lady should attend this free lecture. Admission FREE to all Lectures.

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

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One month.....\$1.00.
One year.....\$10.00.
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Daily and Sunday.....\$1.25 per year.
One month.....\$1.00.
One year.....\$10.00.
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Daily and Sunday.....\$1.50 per year.
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One year.....\$12.00.
The New York Journal and Advertiser, can be purchased at any of the following places:
The International Publishing Co., 1 Northumberland ave., N. Y.
Low's Exchange, 8 Northumberland ave., W. O. Smith and Co., 28 Northumberland ave., N. Y.

REMEMBER, THE JOURNAL Is the only newspaper in this city that prints ALL advertisements of Auction Sales. See last page this morning.

The Grave Problem of Seats.

Now you must distinctly understand that seating of guests at these tables was a task that would have made Talleyrand say "I pass." There were complications to be arranged that would have puzzled any sage the wisest. But they are all arranged and you shall be told how. Doubtless Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, her intimate friend and the maker of the match, could solve problems much harder. The orchestra plays all kinds of sweet music, the air is full of cheerfulness and the guests walk into the dining room, each man leading on his arm a woman assigned to him. In walks Hermann Oelrichs with Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont on his arm. They will look very fine, all dressed up. Oelrichs is a very handsome man, with shoulders two yards wide or almost. He is so strong that sharks will not attack him. He will sit at the end of one long table—the last to the right facing the bride and groom. Mrs. Belmont will sit at his right.

Mrs. Oelrichs will walk in, very stately and handsome and vivacious, with W. K. Vanderbilt, Sr., escorting her. She will sit at the head of the table farthest from Mr. Oelrichs's table, and Mr. Vanderbilt will sit at her right.

Master Harold Vanderbilt, the groom's only brother, will escort another interesting infant named Miss Jay, daughter of Colonel William Jay.

Few Vanderbilts on Hand. There will be very few Vanderbilts at this event—probably none, save the groom, his father and his brother. The Cornelius Vanderbilts are in deep mourning. The Fred Vanderbilts are in California. The George Vanderbilts are in Europe. Only their presents will be on hand.

It is a curious and interesting reminder of the absence of Vanderbilts when the Duchess of Marlborough was married. At that time only her father, mother and brothers were present of all the Vanderbilts. The other members of the Vanderbilt family were not invited because of family misunderstandings. Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt—then living—was asked to come, and a front pew was reserved for her. But she said she would not come if her sons and daughters were not invited, and she stayed away.

The old feud would not count now. The absence of Vanderbilts this time is a mere coincidence.

A Scene of Grandeur Rare.

The other guests will come in at their leisure, all in pairs, and it would give Neph the shock of his life if he could see the procession in its grandeur. There will be diamonds enough there to buy all the animals in his ark, and there will be deesses to make his pair of peacocks look like guinea hens.

For about an hour there will be eating and talking and drinking, and everything, without a single exception, will say that everything is the best and most appropriate and most successful that ever was.

Speech by the Groom.

Hermann Oelrichs will have given the bride away. He will probably let "Father" Vanderbilt propose the health of the bride and groom. The bride will laugh and try not to be embarrassed. The groom has freely announced that he will make a speech. With great good sense he has decided not to make the speech in advance. He will say whatever occurs to him—something to the effect that all the Vanderbilts past, present and to come he is the luckiest. All will agree.

At about half-past 2 the "going away" time arrives.

The bride and groom will appear, after a brief absence, dressed in everyday clothes. The bride in light gray, which is customary; the groom—no matter what he wears.

In His Own New Wagon.

There will be a hurried departure, and this may interest your free-born mind. For the first time young Mr. Vanderbilt will drive in a brougham of his own. He has never had one before, young boys not being allowed such luxuries. But he has a brand-new one now, all ready, never used, with the rubber tires glistening white and the soft lining neatly wadded. Also he has a spanking, high-stepping horse of high degree to draw him away to his honeymoon.

It was intended to keep all plans secret, but that is now thought to be a foolish undertaking, so that readers of this newspaper—which alone gets such things straight—will know all about everything. At first young Vanderbilt had gay plans for despoiling the dear public, even to the wearing of false whiskers. But he has given that up.

He May Drive the Engine.

He will cross the river in a yacht and find a special train waiting for him on the Long Island road. He learned long ago to run a locomotive—there being many locomotives in his family. He may get out on the engine and run one for a little while. And his bride, who has ridden on locomotives,

will ride in the engine also—perhaps. But that part of the trip may be abandoned.

Anyhow we shall probably print a picture of the scene in advance. It is so romantic. "The heir to ten thousand locomotives drives a snorting steam engine on his wedding trip!" How is that for romance? It is a splendid suggestion for a melodrama.

Happy, Happy "Idle Hour."

"Idle Hour," where the young couple will live, is a very fine, big place, built under the direction of the groom's mother, Mrs. Belmont. It has the finest, biggest, gates on this continent, very imposing to see. Few dukes have better and no freeborn American has as good. The grounds around the place are big. There is as much solitude as you want there.

Nearby are the golf links which used to be Bayard Cutting's ground. They are now owned by the Westbrook Golf Club. Both of the young people play golf very nicely, and they certainly used to play a great many hours a day on the Meadowbrook links. The young man, who is unusually free from nonsense, wears no skyrocket stockings or dappled Dutch breeches, nor flaming red coat. He wears American "pants," made of flannel, and ordinary gear—also ordinary talk—no Scotch. The young woman is equally sensible. She prances around the links in a short skirt, with a good sized check to it, with broad-soled shoes and dark gaiters.

Bonnet, Four-in-Hand and Good Advice.

The young couple can have plenty of fun at Idle Hour. There is golf for both. The roads are good and smooth—very fine for the bride, who learned to drive four-in-hand in Paris, and whom Howlett made into a first-class whip. She will drive four polo ponies, and let them zip. She can drive over to the Sound and allow the young man to sail a boat—which it is his passion to do.

Or, if needing advice and a cup of tea, she can take a longish drive to Brookholt, and talk it over with her mamma-in-law, Mrs. Belmont. The Long Island climate is very breezy and the weather fine at this season.

No Financial Trouble Sight.

If you are attached to the young people already from having read so much about them, you can be assured that they are comfortably fixed.

The hardest work they will ever have to do on this round earth will be to push a button and tell James what it is they want. It may wear on them in time. But they will enjoy it all now, and they ought both of them this very night to pray for the old Vanderbilt who pulled the car at Staten Island, and for Senator Fair, who dug ore on the edge of the other ocean.

The young groom has a fond father, who has at least one hundred millions. He never can impoverish his child through extravagance. The young man has, besides, an income of his own that is moderately sufficient—about six times as much as we pay the President of the United States.

The young bride is not such a poor one, either. Her father's will will soon be settled up—and, incidentally, it has been accumulating nicely for the last five years, so that the millions will be a little more numerous when the division comes, in a few months.

John Mackay, who gave Miss Fair the diamond stomacher, is her guardian. He is taking care of her share of her mother's fortune, and that becomes hers when she shall be twenty-five years old. It is a very considerable fortune in itself. In fact, one-half of it belongs to Mrs. Oelrichs, has been ample for all their needs while waiting for the end of the Fair will case.

Eastern railroads and Western mines, youth, beauty, a good deal of common sense and a beautiful ignorance of the fleeting character of all earthly happiness! That's a good combination to start on. Now do you know enough about to-day's wedding?

MISS FAIR SELLS HER PROPERTY AT NEWPORT.

Newport, R. I., April 3.—In view of her approaching marriage to William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Miss Virginia Fair has disposed of her Newport property, transferring it to her sister, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs. The estate consists of a valuable property on the cliffs on which stands the old Bancroft house known as Roscliffe. A new villa is now being built on it for the Oelrichs. The property belonging to Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss Fair jointly is taxed for \$28,100.

WILL ALMOST RIVAL THE SPLENDOR OF TO-DAY.

Without having a day to recover its breath after the most important wedding of the season, society will be called upon to-morrow to participate in a wedding that might well, in any other season, overshadow everything else. Miss Emily Vanderbilt Sloane gave a luncheon to her bridesmaids yesterday at

LETTER BOX HIDES GIRL WIFE'S SECRET.

She Convinces Postal Officials of Her Right to Get Mail Away from Home.

The home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Douglas Sloane, Fifth avenue and Fifty-second street. The floral decorations were pink, which, in combination with white, will give the color note to the wedding to-morrow in St. Bartholomew's Church. Those who dined with Miss Sloane were Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, Miss Ruth Twombly, Miss Edith Hall, Miss Charlotte Barnes, Miss Edith Knowlton, Miss Margaret Hammond and Miss Lila Vanderbilt Sloane.

POLICEMAN A TOREADOR AND ALSO A LIFE-SAVER.

He Coolly Awaits a Runaway Bull, and by Shooting Him Keeps Children from Injury.

A large brindle bull broke loose as he was being driven aboard ship at the Central Stock Yards, Jersey City, yesterday. Patrick Barrett, one of the drovers, ran after it.

Barrett Sixth street to Grove the bull ran, scattering women and children and frightening horses; up Fifth street to Coles, and about to Seventh street he ran. At Seventh street a group of children was crossing.

Policeman Thomas Collins ran to the middle of the street and waited. All the bull was within ten feet of him. Then he took careful aim and fired at a spot between the bull's eyes. The bull staggered and fell to its knees, and Barrett ran up and cut its throat.

SENT FOR GIMLET HOLES. SECURED A BIG ONE.

Savage Revenge of an April Fool Joke Upon an April Fool Joker.

One April Fool joke deserves another. That was the position taken by Matthew Parks, who was a prisoner in the Essex Market Police Court yesterday. By way of an All Fools' Day joke he had hurled a cabbie stone through the plate glass of a Hebrew saloon at Goerck and Broome streets.

Parks is thirty-eight years old and has been in the saloon, cutting up the corned beef hash, etc. He is extremely good natured, but not blessed with exceptional mental gifts. The bartender on April 1 told him to go to a saloon at Christie and Livingston streets and get a package of gimlet holes. He gave him a note to the bartender of the saloon reading:

"This is an April Fool joke. Send him to other saloons." The bartender told Parks that the gimlet holes had all melted and that he must go to another saloon at One Hundred and Ninety-sixth street and Third avenue. He went. He also went to several other saloons, until at last "it dawned upon him." Then he returned and threw the stone that demolished the glass and declared in court that it was just his little joke. Magistrate Mott declined to see it.

\$1,200 for a Master of Languages.

The United States Civil Service Commission will, on May 9, 1890, hold an examination in this city of applicants for the position of interpreter for the office of the Commissioner of Immigration of this port. Among the other requirements is one that the interpreter shall be able to speak French, Italian, Spanish, Greek, Arabic and Turkish. The salary of the office is \$1,200 per annum.

LETTER BOX HIDES GIRL WIFE'S SECRET.

She Convinces Postal Officials of Her Right to Get Mail Away from Home.

She was seventeen, and did not look a day more. Her cheeks burned, for she found herself one of a protesting group that had gathered at the Post Office to offer individual justification for their addition to the private letter box habit. She must have observed that there were men there, and women, too, whose very appearance might have been construed as a condemnation of the system established by Postmaster Van Cott.

It was with the prettiest imaginable air of embarrassment that she surrendered herself to the inquisition imposed by the Postmaster's order. She was called upon to prove that the name under which letters were addressed to her was her own and that her motive for using a private letter box was not an improper one. And the necessity of making a confession to a total stranger caused her lip to quiver and her eye to moisten.

"The fact is, well, I'm married," she stammered, after giving her real address, and "I'm married." "Is there something you do not want your husband to know?" "Oh, no. You do not understand me. My parents do not know. I am living with them. They would be angry. We would not dare tell them until he has a larger income. And—and we cannot see each other very often, so I have managed to hear from him every night and morning by having the private box. And want I be allowed to receive my mail there any more, sir?"

This seemed a case for indulgence. The tension of the pleading face relaxed when the inquisitor handed her a card of identification, which, when she had it filled out, will entitle her still to receive her husband's letters in the city.

One of the other applicants yesterday was a clergyman. He explained that he was a single man, living in boarding houses, and changed his address so frequently that he found it both safer and more convenient to maintain a permanent address in the shape of a private letter box agency. Others were less ingenious in their explanations, and some were not successful in identifying themselves with the names under which they had been receiving letters. Indeed, out of the 330 private letter box users who have made applications since the new order, only 25 have been successful in their mail.

No Change in Tammany Officers.

The Tammany Society is not likely to change the set of officers this year, unless changes in plans agreed upon last night are made. It seems to be generally agreed that at the annual meeting to be held two weeks hence, Grand Sachem Thomas L. Egan and his brothers will be re-elected, and that John A. Boyle will continue to act as William H. Hays, Jr. Boyle presided at a meeting last night at which three new members were initiated: Herman Ellis, a merchant, and John J. Hays, a contractor, and W. C. Rogers, a clerk in the Tax Department.

Secretary Gage Meets Wall Street.

Secretary of the Treasury Gage was the guest of honor yesterday at a luncheon given at the Lawyers' Club by John W. Sloane, Amman, those at the luncheon were J. Pierpont Morgan, President Woodard of the Bankers National Bank, President Baker of the Bank of the Manhattan Company, former Secretary of the Federal Reserve Bank, President Stewart of the United States National Bank, and John S. Kennedy. It was rumored that some of the more influential financiers of this city conferred with the Secretary as to the advisability of retaining the issue of gold certificates, but this could not be ascertained.

UTAH METHODISTS DEMAND ROBERTS'S EXPULSION.

Rev. Dr. Hiff, of Salt Lake, States the Objections to the Polygamist Congressman-Elect.

Rev. Dr. Thomas C. Hiff, of Salt Lake City, for twenty-five years past superintendent of the Methodist mission in Utah, spoke yesterday at the Methodist Preachers' meeting. He detailed the history of Brigham Young's efforts to have Utah admitted to the Union as a State, quoting his declaration that "once a State, the Mormons will force Congress to tolerate polygamy."

It was the opinion of Dr. Hiff that very few, if any polygamist marriages, had taken place since the State's admission, but he knew that many Mormons were still living with their plural wives. Speaking of the case of Congressman-elect Brigham H. Roberts, Dr. Hiff said: "If he is permitted to sit in Congress it will be interpreted in every Mormon heart as the fulfillment of Brigham Young's prophecy and as nationalizing polygamy. Already the Mormons hold the balance of power in Idaho and Wyoming, and they are very strong in Nevada, Arizona and Southwestern Colorado. If Congress shall expel Roberts, he will be expelled and is entitled to take his seat. But the House is judge of the qualifications of its members, and we say that a lawbreaker should not be accepted as a lawmaker. We also urge a constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy throughout the United States." Dr. Hiff was applauded and received the thanks of the Preachers' Association.

CHILD ARRESTED FOR RUNNING AN ERRAND.

Bought a Pint of Beer for Her Parents and Is Torn from Home and Held as a Witness.

Henry Brandt, a saloon keeper at No. 67 Cannon street, was held for trial in the Essex Market Police Court yesterday, charged with selling beer to a minor.

The complainants, two agents of the Gerry society, went to his place at noon yesterday and saw him sell a can of beer to Hannah Bodker, nine years old, who lives with her parents at No. 58 Cannon street. The child had been sent by her mother to get a pint of beer for herself and husband to drink with their dinner.

WEISS BEER INTOXICATES, SAITH THE LAW.

Unanimous Decision of Special Sessions Judges, Who Own That They Have Drunk It.

Weiss beer is an intoxicating liquor within the meaning of the law. That decision was given in the Court of Special Sessions yesterday by three judges.

It was in the case brought by the police against Harry Stewart, barkeeper for Max Gonobossy, of No. 112 Third avenue. Detectives disguised as drinking men, went into the saloon on a certain Sunday. Stewart served them with weiss beer, which they drank, and then arrested him.

"What is weiss beer, you understand it?" asked Lawyer Loeve. "It's one of those soft drinks, like cream soda," the bartender answered. "Oh, it is, is it?" Judge Hindsdale exclaimed. "Why, weiss beer is a liquor. I've tasted it." "Why, weiss beer is a liquor," said the bartender, answered. "So have we," chorused Judges Jerome and Jacobs. "If it pleases the court," the lawyer replied, "I submit that weiss beer is not any more intoxicating than ice water." "The court finds otherwise," Judge Hindsdale announced, "and the defendant is fined \$25. Weiss beer is liquor."